

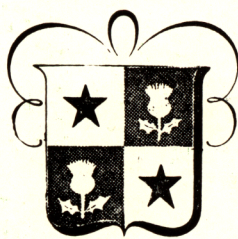
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**“A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club”**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON SPORT

It should be obvious to any casual observer that too many Australians of this generation are looking on when they should be playing games; further, that more robust sports—cricket, football, tennis, athletics, among them—are losing too many in the younger group to games more fitted for the post-the-prime period, such as golf and bowls.

Whether this trend is affecting, or will ultimately affect, the toughness of the race, whether he-men are becoming fewer, whether a physical decline is being wrought, must be answered according to the individual viewpoint. A not inconsiderable body of opinion, however, believes that the more prone young men become to adopt the gentler games, or by deliberation aim at allying social and commercial ambitions with sport, the less possibility is there of youthful ardour and the spirit of adventure being asserted in time of national crisis.

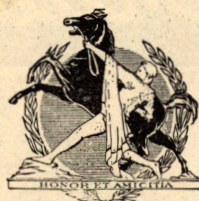
Not that the younger men among, say, golfers and bowlers, are less patriotic than the men playing the games of the younger men, as specified, but, as Nurse Cavill declared, patriotism is not enough.

We are not dogmatising, chiding, or suggesting age-groups for various sports; simply recording what many are saying.

That's that; but as for young fellows, physically fit, looking on instead of participating, we have no hesitation in declaring that practice to be all against the national weal — morally and physically.

Sport not only toughens, it inculcates discipline, teaches the team spirit, exalts the idea of service, promotes goodwill, purges from individuals the dross of irresolution and funk. There is nothing like a hard dump on the football field, or the experience of walking all the way back to the pavilion, after making a duck to destroy illusions of omniscience.

For that reason it is wise that full opportunity should be made available to every schoolboy to play sport and to carry on after leaving school. Governments must see that present playing areas are not poached; that even more playing areas are established; that priority be awarded what are called the robust games—those which promote the team spirit and demand a show of stamina along with skill.



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

JOHN HICKEY

Treasurer:

JOHN A ROLES

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**A. V. MILLER
G. J. C. MOORE
W. H. SELLEN
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

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DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB	Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO	Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB	Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.
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Pacific Coast Club	
Riviera Country Club	
OLYMPIC CLUB	San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB	New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB	Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB	San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB	Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

AUGUST

1st S. J. Fox	19th A. F. Gay
6th P. B. Lusk	20th H. H. McIntosh
7th A. T. Selman	22nd P. B. Lindsay
8th Greg. Keighery	25th Hon. A. Mair
12th J. Stewart	26th P. N. Goldstein
14th E. K. White	30th E. Hunter
S. Biber	Bowman
W. J. Walsh	Arthur Langley
15th R. B. Hughes	31st E. Sodersten
18th Professor J. D. Stewart	

SEPTEMBER

1st Percy Smith	17th S. E. Chatterton
2nd P. M. King	H. V. S. Kirby
W. H. Bentley	19th C. H. Dodds
3rd G. T. Rowe	20th C. Graves
R. Quinell	21st Mark Barnett
F. C. Williams	22nd John Hickey
7th R. A. Dunstan	23rd Rex Cullen-
8th J. J. Crennan	Ward
9th E. A. Box	24th Sir Samuel
13th A. O. Romano	Hordern
15th J. Wyatt	26th W. Longworth
F. Gawler	P. Pilcher
S. N. West	27th J. S. Irwin
W. Ditfort	28th E. A. Nettlefold
C. H. D. Scou-	30th A. L. Brown
gall	H. D. McRae
	W. H. Sellen

MR. W. J. Winterbottom, chairman of Western Australian Turf Club, was a visitor to the Club last month.

He was shown over the spacious area by committeemen Messrs. J. A. Roles (treasurer) and A. G. Collins. Another interesting visitor to the Club was Hector Gray, former crack New Zealand jockey. He is now a trainer and brought two horses from New Zealand, one being Epsom Boy, engaged in A.J.C. Epsom. * * *

THOSE listening to a broadcast from England, in which Billy Cook was being interviewed, were astonished to hear him name the Ascot Gold Cup (2 miles 6 furlongs) as providing the greatest display of staying power on the part of any horse he had ever seen—and then failing to recall the name of the horse. It was Alycidon, probably the world's greatest stayer to-day.

* * *

SEVERAL club members were commenting on the fact that they had been called on to sacrifice little in the way of amenities through the strike, and agreed: "The service in our Club is so uniformly excellent

that we take it for granted, seldom, if ever, pausing to regard ourselves as fortunate—as we are."

The plain fact — as all should realise—is that Tattersall's Club is a home away from home. Members of overseas clubs have told us, so often. * * *

Club members extend their congratulations and good wishes to Frank Spurway on his recent marriage. Photo finishes may prove heart-breaking and certs. fail—but love will find a way. * * *

THOSE two old pals and bitter rivals in many a billiards game, Fred Belot and W. I. Hill, went off together on the Orcades to Melbourne and Adelaide.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee:

John Hickey (Chairman), J. A. Roles (Treasurer), G. Chiene, A. V. Miller, G. J. C. Moore, W. H. Sellen

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young.

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young (Vice-Presidents), Committee: C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. F. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

W. W. HILL, who saw Rugby Union games during his recent tour, says that Britain has the material for a formidable combination to tour N.Z. and Australia next season.

* * *

COMMITTEEMAN A. G. Collins, who has entertained English cricketers on tour in Australia, and has himself been a guest of the M.C.C. at Lord's, was interested in the cabled announcement that Freddy Brown would probably head the next English team in Australia. Brown was here with Jardine's 1932 team as a young player; was one of many jolly good fellows—as Mr. Collins remembers them—in that team, and should appeal to Australians as a player and a sportsman.

* * *

THAT revelation caused a writer in one of the newspapers to recall that Darby Munro, in a radio quiz, could not readily remember the name of the sire of Russia until a voice in the audience called: "Don't get excited!" Then it dawned on Darby—Excitement.

* * *

MORE members should have been up to see the concluding swimming races for the "Native Son" Cup, presented by Bill Kirwan (Native Son's owner) and won by Bruce Chiene, son of Committeeman George Chiene. The President of the Club (Mr. John Hickey) and the donor of the Cup (Mr. Kirwan) attended on the occasion of the final races and congratulated the winner and the place-getters.

In these races the competition was keen, although the approach was delightfully carefree, and comradeship was seen at its best. Next time there should be a gallery of members at the final races.

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since the last issue:—WILLIAM FORSYTHE, Elected 5/2/1934; Died 26/7/1949. R. M. SIMMONS, Elected 28/11/1927; Died 27/7/1949.



The first whiff of Spring brings a "New Look" to Hyde Park which fronts our Club premises. Photo. shows the Elizabeth Street portion of Club on extreme left.

NO. 1 ADVENTURE MAN

ERROL FLYNN'S background of adventure is unparalleled among movie actors—including café fights and marriages. Now, cables report, he is set to wed a Rumanian Princess. Flynn's parents were cruising in the Pacific in 1909—his father, an Irish scientist, studying marine life — when they put into Hobart. There Errol was born. Seventeen years later he was back on a cruise with his father. Put to school in Sydney, Errol ran away, roughed it, and finally signed on as cook on a cutter bound for New Guinea. Four miles off Rabaul, he dropped a raft overboard and beat it for the shore. Detained by the constabulary on landing, he managed to talk the commanding officer into enlisting him.

For some time thereafter, Errol Flynn chased headhunters and prospected for gold. Returning to Sydney, he met Dr. Herman Erben who had chartered a ship for a photographic expedition among the headhunters. Dr. Erben shot most of his film in takes of Flynn engaging

headhunters in combat. Returning again to Sydney, Flynn was engaged by Charles Chauvel for "The Wake of the Bounty." After that he signed on a freighter bound for England, acted in stage plays there and, finally, was given a contract by Warner Brothers. The rest is history. Flynn's next M.G.M. picture will be "The Forsythe Saga," opposite Greer Garson.

Only when his mother becomes Queen Elizabeth II of England will the royal baby, at present second in succession to the throne, become Prince of Wales. That title, first borne by Edward, eldest surviving son of Edward I in 1301, is not his until he becomes heir-apparent. Until then, and throughout the reign of the present King, the law has it that he is capable of being displaced. When he becomes heir-apparent he automatically receives the title of Duke of Cornwall (another ancient grant under charter of Edward III in 1339) and—by customary act of royal creation—Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

Derby Hopes

SEVERAL Club members figure in a big list of owners of A.J.C. Derby contenders. Two, Messrs. E. W. Russell and J. T. Hackett, who won races at Canterbury on August 7, realise it is a big step from minor company to classics but they have hopes of seeing their colts turn out stayers.

Mr. Russell is racing Beau China. He has won many races with Buonarroto Boy. Beau China's family lines include Shadow King, four times placed in the Melbourne Cup.

Mr. Hackett's Humming Top is by Talking from Tops by Brazen (imp.).

* * *

VETERAN Club member, Mr. W. T. Kerr, has selected Authoress as name for his two-year-old bay filly by Midstream (imp.) from Columnist, an imported mare by Columelle.

The filly is a candidate for A.J.C. Gimcrack Stakes and other two-year-old events of the spring.

NEW ZEALANDERS AFTER THE BIG MONEY

NINETEEN from the Dominion were entered for the Caulfield Cup, 23 for the Melbourne Cup, and several, now two-year-olds, for the young races of the early season. Quite a number won't be able to keep their engagements but some already have arrived and transport has been booked for several others. It should be the best Spring racing in years as stakes are well endowed and there will be keen competition from all States in addition to the visitors from across the Pacific.

Frances is well placed in the staying handicaps and is regarded as one of the main hopes of the Dominion. King's Ransom, Royal Tan and Lord Revel are others expected to figure in the big money.

Birdman, Dowry, Cameron, Professor, Linkman and Fair Magic, already are located at Mentone in the charge of their New Zealand trainer. They are owned by Mr. J. H. Marshall of Howe fame. Howe came across with them but he went to Adelaide. He is to do stud duty in South Australia.

Professor is a two-year-old by Revelation from Forgetfulness and cost 310 gns. as a yearling. Linkman is a two-year-old by Massowa from Brunhild, while Fair Magic is a two-year-old filly by Massowa from Foxcatcher (a sister to Howe), and is a first foal.

Australians are keenly interested in the stayers. List includes Royal Tan, The Grate, Frances, Lord Manna, St. Bruno, Lord Revel and King's Ransom. Lord Manna has been weighted for the Melbourne Cup only. St. Bruno and Royal Tan figure in both Cups. King's Ransom is in A.J.C. Metrop. and the two Cups, while most of the others expected for the Spring meetings are engaged both at Randwick and at Melbourne fixtures. Lord Revel is in all big four of the Spring. Some are picking him for Epsom, 8.9, but he is better off in Melbourne.

Members are not well acquainted with the latest doings of these New Zealanders so a reference to their best form will be of some help.

Royal Tan is a 5-year-old gelding

Over the years there has been a fair sprinkling each spring of competing New Zealand horses in Melbourne races, particularly the Cups. This year Dominion owners made a bigger nomination than ever, and Australians will see some of their best in action. They will be racing at Randwick, Caulfield and Flemington.

whose 18 starts last season yielded 11 placings, including three wins. Earlier in his career he won the New Zealand Derby. He is a stayer by Royal Chief, well known to Club members and a winner of A.J.C. Metropolitan. Royal Chief is also sire of Bruce, Randwick weight-for-age winner and one of the Dominion's best known of recent top-flight horses, a winner of long races at weight-for-age and in big handicaps.

Royal Tan's Best

Royal Tan's best staying win was in last Wellington £6,000 Cup, two miles, in which he carried 8.3, beat The Grate and Bruce. Last start he carried 9st. into third place to Excellency and Fine Night in Canterbury J.C. Sockburn Handicap, 1½ miles. He has 8.7 in the Caulfield Cup and two pounds more in the Melbourne Cup. Corofin, who will be with him in Melbourne, is a four-year-old whose two wins in the recent season included Middle Park Plate, 1 mile, with 8 stone.

Lord Manna's last win was Manawatu Awapuni Gold Cup, £1,100, 1½ miles (w.f.a.). He beat Voltaic and King's Ransom, the also-rans included Beau Le Havre and Royal Tan. He ran home an easy winner. He also won Wellington £3,000 President's Handicap, 1½ miles, with 8.6, beating King's Ransom and Royal Tan. Others included The Grate, Frances and Lord Revel. Another win was in Egmont Cup, 11 furlongs, with 9 stone.

Lord Manna is a 6-year-old gelding by Robin Goodfellow from Lady Manna. In season just closed he had 13 starts for eight wins, seven of them in succession.

The Grate is a 6-year-old mare by Salmagundi from Trivet. She had half a dozen wins last season from 21 starts. Best of her successes

were Wellington £4,000 Autumn Hep., 1½ miles, with 8.6. She beat Lord Revel and King's Ransom in 2.32½. She also won Canterbury Midsummer Handicap, 1½ miles. The Grate has 8.9 in the Metropolitan; 8.7 in Caulfield Cup, and 8.8 in Melbourne Cup.

Frances is an aged mare by Bulandshar from Trivet, so she is close-related to The Grate. Frances had 14 outings last season for two wins, best being Wellington £2,500 Great Autumn Handicap, 1½ miles, in which she beat Fine Night and Royal Tan.

Lord Revel is a 6-year-old gelding by Revelation from Eudorace and won once only in 17 starts in season just ended. His win was in Auckland £1,500 St. George's Handicap, 1½ miles. He cleared out to score by half a dozen lengths. However, in the previous season he won a number of races, including £2,000 H. O. Nolan Handicap, 1½ miles, at Auckland, in which he beat the Dominion's best in the N.Z. record time of 2.29-1/5. He arrived in Sydney early this month.

St. Bruno is a 4-year-old horse by Salmagundi from Philaster, whose 16 starts in 1948-49 term yielded seven wins, last of them being Riverton R.C. Cup, 1½ miles. He won a number of good class events, most important being N.Z. Derby in which he beat Hasty Gance and Tauroch.

King's Ransom is a 6-year-old gelding by Lang Bian from Quaint, and three wins from 20 starts last season included Auckland H. O. Nolan Handicap of £2,000, 1½ miles, time 2.31-3/5. Lord Revel was second and Earldale third. King's Ransom is expected to contest A.J.C. Metropolitan in which he has 9.3. He is similarly handicapped in the two Cups.

Epsom Boy, one of Hector Gray's team, is a 3-year-old gelding who in 11 starts as a 2-year-old won 3 races and was 3 times in minor places. His wins were Auckland Midsummer Handicap, 5 furlongs; Rotorua Arawa Nursery, 5½ furlongs, and Waikato Juvenile, 6 furlongs, with 8.12. He has 7.9 in Epsom and 7.5 in the Metropolitan.

RED CROSS RACE MEETING

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

Saturday, 10th September, 1949

(Date made available by Tattersall's Club)

THE NURSES' NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Provided that a winner at time of starting of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

Seven Furlongs.

A.I.F. THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For Three and Four-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES

(Weight-for-Age, with Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards) A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,250 added. Second horse £250, and third horse £125 from the prize. Horses which at time of starting have not won a flat race of the value to the winner of £750, allowed 7lb.; of £1,000, allowed 5lb. Maidens at time of starting allowed: Three-years-olds, 10lb.; four-year-olds, 14lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 21lb. (No Allowance for Apprentices.)

One Mile and One Furlong.

SPRING HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

One Mile and a Quarter.

RED CROSS HIGHWEIGHT HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 8st. 7lb.

Six Furlongs.

CONDITIONS

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 3 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 29th August. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram, the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared not later than 10 a.m. on Monday, 5th September, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, only, at 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September. Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all handicap races, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division; Special Weight Races excepted.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

GEO. T. ROWE } Joint Hon. Secretaries.
M. D. J. DAWSON }

ENTRIES CLOSE at 3 p.m. on MONDAY, 29th AUGUST, 1949

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

When Walt Disney applied at the Kansas City "Star" for a job as an artist, the editor told him he had no talent, and sent him away, urging him to give up art. Even his first series of animated cartoons, "Oswald the Rabbit," failed. Then along came "Mickey Mouse." Robert L. Ripley was fired from the first newspaper on which he worked. Zane Grey didn't sell a story during his first five years as a writer. H. G. Wells was discharged from his first job — after several months as a draper's apprentice.

S. N. Behrman, one of America's outstanding playwrights, turned out manuscripts for 11 years before he finally sold his first play. Fannie Hurst wrote more than 100 stories before one was accepted. Somerset Maugham was an obscure writer for 10 years. Then, a producer needing a play to fill in while he was looking round, dug Maugham's "Lady Frederick" out of his desk. Maugham became the toast of London.

HANDBALL NOTES

Winooka Trophy

THE competition is progressing with undiminished enthusiasm and will enter into the final stages this month. Leading players at the moment being:—E. E. Davis, B. Partidge and P. Lindsay. G. McGilvray is well up, but at the moment has not played sufficient games to qualify for the final rounds.

This competition has brought to light quite a few new players who are improving with every game, and will give some of the stars a very formidable task when the Championships come along.

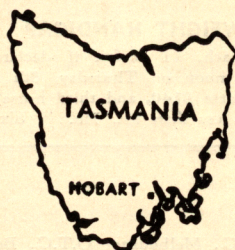
A CLERGYMAN from a large town preached in a rural parish and was asked to pray for rain.

He did so. The rain came in floods and destroyed some of the crops, whereupon one elder remarked to another.

"This comes o' entrusting sic a request to a meenister who isna acquainted wi' agriculture."

FREE WEEK-END

IF a free week-end's adopted
In our Four Year Plan—for ALL—
Will it increase our Production
Or accelerate its fall?
Will our Heat and Light and Power
Be cut off each Friday Night?
And the Milkman and the Baker
Claim the week-end as their right?
If the Doctors and the Dentists
Close their doors at Week-Ends,
too—
And the Hospitals stop working
When their Two Days' Rest is
due—
And the Army, and the Navy,
And the Air Force toe the line—
And men shut down every Friday
On the Farm and in the Mine—
What would happen? But — if
HOUSEWIVES
Claimed a Forty Hour Week!
Can't you see the frightful sequel—
And hear Australia's manhood
shriek?
When the wives declare, "We've had
it!
NOW! We come into our own!"
Don't you dread their ultimatum?
Can't I hear your ghastly groan.



TATTERSALL'S 1949 Melbourne Cup Consultation

is now well on the way

£50,000 FIRST PRIZE

£1 (plus postages)

(Halves and Quarters available)

You must be in this.



The address - - -

**GEO. ADAMS (Tattersall),
HOBART**

For Quality Meat . . .

HENRY WOOLFE

Two Famous Meat Stores

**636 GEORGE STREET and
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

THESE MEN MADE FORTUNES IN TIPS

Mark Priestley told in an article in "Digest of World Reading" of some fabulously rich crops that have been harvested in the tip industry—otherwise the tip racket.

GONE are the palmy days when the Duke of Westminster tipped waiters with £50 notes, and bluff King Edward VII rewarded discreet service with glittering and highly saleable — diamond tie pins. Gone is the rich, ritzy world that enabled John Coutts, Lord Ribblesdale's urbane butler, to pile up a fortune of £20,000, accumulated largely in tips for handing noble visitors their hats.

Tips move with the times, and 500,000 tip-earners in Britain are cracking a tough economic nut. They are biting on the proposition that tips become unnecessary when all men earn fair and reasonable wages.

Before the war, when the ministry of labour staged a Gallup poll of waitresses in 283 sample towns, the statisticians found 81 per cent. were actually paid less than £2 a week, and obviously depended on tips for their livelihood. To-day, however, 150,000 waiters, waitresses, and kitchen-hands are drawing equitable government-fixed salaries in their pay envelopes. And they're just the first draft in a scheme bringing guaranteed minimum wages and holiday with pay to everyone on the tip routine, from hotel porters to hat-check girls in night clubs.

Has World Interest

The news has world interest. If the British Government can wipe out tips it will be succeeding where hotels, railways, and restaurants have signally failed. For tips have become uncommonly big business. Mr. Haesler, the rosy, smiling hall porter at London's famous Savoy hotel, began life as a page boy, but now runs a 200-acre Devonshire farm on his earnings. His predecessor, the redoubtable Nicholas Mockett, left over £20,000 in a gilt-edged era when this represented real money, and Haesler probably owns treble this amount.

He comes of a line of well-tipped

plutocrats. Charles Gabb, formerly head-waiter of the swanky Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, astounded even his heirs when he left £34,000. Another head-waiter, Charles Wicks, amassed £18,000 in an obscure sea-side hotel in Skegness, Lincolnshire. Hugh Callaghan, the cheerful Irish porter who obligingly looked up train times and called taxis at Dublin's Gresham hotel, recently died worth £10,000. It has been estimated that the annual income of the hotels and leading restaurants of Britain amounts to £50,000,000, and tips represent an extra £6,000,000. With so much money in the kitty, individual fortunes shrink into insignificance.

Died Almost Poor

Loreto Santarelli, the restaurant manager at the Savoy, always refused tips, yet he left £37,000. The head-waiter of a fashionable Westminster block of apartments was once tipped £1,000 for his professional courtesy to an invalid tenant. And there is the American who tipped a Ritz hairdresser £10 for a shave, and returned next day in a somewhat blurred condition for a second shave. "And what is the biggest tip you ever received?" he was asked.

"Fifty dollars!" said the hairdresser, in effect.

"Never shall it be said that I do not tip better than anyone else," said the American—and tipped him £25. Or so runs the legend.

Even average takers are apt to zoom. Head-waiters in such smart resorts as the Bagatelle, Princess Elizabeth's favourite dancing club, can reap up to £3,000 yearly. That's nothing to the tip profits of a head gamekeeper of the affluent Duke of Buccleuch, in the good old days, who lived well and yet accumulated a nest-egg of £50,000. It was the recognised practice at shooting house parties for each guest to give £2 a day to the keeper, plus 10/- to the loader, and extra £2 for each deer shot while stalking on the property.

Tipping tradition varies all over

the world, and the London of the meatless grillrooms and austere, but still luxurious, hotels, is devoted to the "tronc" system. All tips are paid into a common pool and the restaurant manager supervises its division on a traditional basis.

Certain table stewardships on the Queen Elizabeth are said to bring in more than the salary of the Cunard fleet commodore. Old George Weedon was doorkeeper at the London Stock Exchange. Those who had no business to be in the stock exchange did not gain admittance, for Weedon was never to be bought. Regular stock-brokers, however, tipped him with valuable advice as well as hard cash and George left £12,000, most of it made in stocks and shares. It's notorious, too, that the head-porters of swank hotels amass tipping fortunes while cashiers earn £5 weekly and are lucky to get a "thanks!" from a visitor.

Can mere Government action iron out these inequalities? They have a world-wide trend. French mailmen expect a tip when they deliver a registered letter. In England the mailman expects only a Christmas box and even this custom is dying. The French tip theatre usherettes on being shown to their seats. Such continental tricks cause puzzlement elsewhere.

Paris Experiment

Paris once tried to abolish the *pour-boire*, and the waiters rioted. Yet the airlines have abolished tipping—and nobody grumbles. In Britain a famous hotel chain has instituted the rule of putting 15 per cent. on the bill for service and the puzzled staff find they receive nothing extra. Puzzled visitors, meanwhile, usually distribute tips before they discover the service charge.

Admittedly, the first reaction of the British public to sensible wage standards has been a big falling off of tips. But if tips tend to creep back, lucky tip-earners will find themselves on a double standard of pay. Go or stay, the nimble tip presents a national problem.

CARBINE'S TWO RACES IN A DAY

MISSED WINNING THEM ONLY ONCE

TWO-YEAR-OLD OPPONENTS

A member has written ~~to me~~ asking particulars of the occasions on which Carbine started twice the same day. It would be unusual now for any first-class horse to be started in two weight-for-age races in an afternoon. One reason owners and trainers are opposed to such procedure is the fast pace at which such races are generally run. There is no chance of a short distance race being run at a sufficiently easy pace to enable a horse to come up comparatively fresh for a longer one later on, and which would also be nearly sure to be soundly run. ~~At the same time I would not put two hard races in one afternoon beyond Peter Pan.~~

CARBINE'S first experience of two runs the same day was as a three-year-old at a V.R.C. Autumn meeting. At 2 to 1 on he beat four others in the All-Aged Stakes in 1.42 for the mile, and four races later was brought out for the Loch Plate, 2 miles.

Earlier in the meeting Lochiel (8.7) had defeated Carbine (8.6) in the Australian Cup, and as it was thought that, when conceding him an additional 3 lb. in the Loch Plate, he would again prove his master, he was favourite at 2 to 1 on.

It was a great race, Carbine winning by a half-head from Lochiel in 3.35. Carbine had a busy meeting, as in addition to the races mentioned he also ran in the Newmarket Handicap (third), and Champion Stakes (first).

Six weeks later he again had two races the same day. Beaten by Abercorn in the Autumn Stakes at Randwick, he won the Sydney Cup, and on the third day of the meeting accounted for the All-aged Stakes, 1 mile, and Cumberland Stakes, 2 miles.

In the former, for which he was a 6 to 4 on favourite, the two-year-old Rudolph ran him to a neck in 1.46. His Cumberland Stakes oppo-

nents were Lochiel and Abercorn, and he was at 5 to 2 on.

It was one of those old-time "waiting" races, as shown by the time, 5.3 for two miles, and Carbine got home by a half-head from Lochiel, who was giving him 16 lb.

Carbine ran again at the meeting, winning the A.J.C. Plate, 3 miles, by half-a-length from Abercorn, in 5.43½. The other runners included Melos and Lochiel.

Repeated the Dose

As a four-year-old Carbine repeated his victories of a year earlier in the All-aged and Loch Plate.

His five opponents for the All-aged Stakes were two-year-olds, which is in contrast to the present day, when owners so rarely run good horses of that age out of their own class.

It was an easy race for Carbine, who was at 6 to 4 on. He beat Magic Circle four lengths in 1.42, while Medallion and Utter dead-heated for third.

Only Singapore and Fishwife came out against him for the Loch Plate, and he won easily by a neck from the former in 4.58½.

At the A.J.C. autumn meeting about a month later he was undefeated in his five races. On the

third day he won the All-aged Stakes from the two-year-olds Prelude and Correze in 1.41½, and the Cumberland Stakes from Dreadnought, Melos, and Federation in 3.45. He was at odds on for each race.

His other wins at the meeting were the Autumn Stakes (2.42), Sydney Cup (3.37), and A.J.C. Plate, the time for the latter being 6.7.

At five years Carbine won his third V.R.C. All-aged Stakes, his opponents again being two-year-olds, and Penance ran second. The Loch Plate was left to his stable companion, Megaphone, who scored in very easy fashion. His other wins at the meeting were the Essendon Stakes and Champion Stakes.

One Defeat in Season

Coming to Sydney, he was again set the task of winning the All-aged Stakes and Cumberland Stakes on the third day. The former was reckoned such a certainty, that notwithstanding his opponents included Marvel—third with 9.12 in the Doncaster Handicap on the opening day of the meeting—he was at 5 to 2 on.

Marvel upset calculations by beating him four lengths in 1.43, the two-year-olds Eureka and Corvette finishing a long way back.

A little over a couple of hours later Carbine had his revenge. He and Marvel were the only runners for the Cumberland Stakes, and he finished seven lengths ahead in 4.4. Marvel, however, was never accounted a genuine stayer, though he unexpectedly won a mile and five furlongs handicap at Flemington that autumn.

Carbine did not run again after the Cumberland Stakes, and while I think he would have been troubled to hold his own against some of our cracks of the past few years, he was an undeniably great horse in his day.

Consistency and ability to stand racing were two of his great characteristics, and he bequeathed those to many of his progeny.

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Port of Adelaide, South Australia — The Inner Harbour.

Photo by courtesy of the South Australian Harbours Board and News Ltd., Adelaide.

Baffling Betting Laws

George Edinger's review in the London "Evening Standard" should carry interest for Australians.

THE Willink Commission, just set up to probe the Law on betting, marks one effort more to make sense out of inconsistency and chaos. You must not lay a bet with a bookmaker in the street. But you may do so on a racecourse. You must not go to a bookmaker's office to pay him money for a bet. But you may send him a cheque. If you lend a friend money to pay a bet you can get it back. But if you pay it for him direct you cannot. First thing to note about the betting muddle is that there is no Law against betting.

Betting Acts began with bookmakers in the middle of last century. The first of them (passed 1853, extended in 1906) declares that no one may keep any "house, room, or other place . . . for . . . betting WITH PERSONS RESORTING THERETO or . . . for receiving money or any valuable thing from SUCH persons."

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Note that it says nothing about places kept for betting with people who do not actually resort to them. That is the thing that makes it all right to make your bets by post.

Next question: What is a "place" within the meaning of the Act? For a long time the Courts were trying to work out whether a pitch on a racecourse is a place in that sense. But it has now been enacted by Parliament that specific areas on listed and recognised horse and dog tracks are not "places" covered by the betting Acts.

The betting Acts say nothing about people laying bets in streets, parks, gardens, or public squares. And the reason for this is that they do not need to, for the point is already covered by a law against vagrants passed at the end of the 17th century against betting in any street, road, highway, or public place.

What, then, about bets in private places? Well, they are perfectly legal. But the Law says they are void if they were not made in places kept specially and legally for betting. They are not wrong; they just haven't happened.

Bets And Bets

But there are bets and bets, and, as the Law has taken different views about different sorts, the whole thing has become Gilbertian. Rather surprisingly, it was King Charles II who first ruled that bets on games, pastimes, and racing were void. But bets that had nothing to do with sports, pastimes, or games were not made void until Queen Victoria's reign.

The reason? Well, bets on sporting events were held to be sheer hazard, but bets on other subjects were assumed to involve a degree of skill and deduction.

Then the 1845 Victorian Act, backed up by another passed in the 'nine ties abolished this distinction, and declared all bets void and said quite clearly that all securities given in respect of bets (promissory notes, etc.) were void as well.

Here's another nice legal point about betting: You lend a friend £5 to pay off a lost bet. Can you get it back from him? The Law says "Yes."

Even if you knew that it was paid to settle a bet. That is a debt like any other.

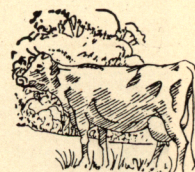
Supposing, then, to save time, you pay the friend's betting debt for him to the winner and then go to the friend for your money. Can you get it? The Law says "No." That was not payment of a debt. It was payment for a bet.

PUNISHED

In Holland a brigadier and his staff were watching a troop-carrying glider go by, and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeon's wings until it fluttered into a nearby coop, and a colonel raced over to get the message, bounded back breathlessly and handed it to the brigadier. He opened it with trembling hands, read it, muttered, and threw it on the ground, then walked off, his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited a moment, then picked up the message.

It said: "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."

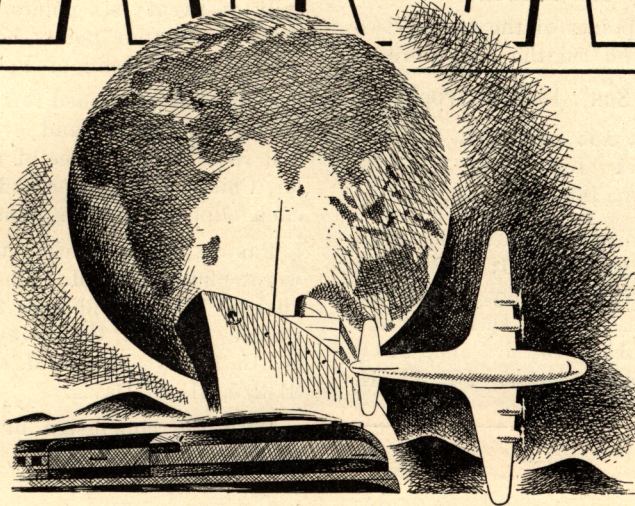


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Fast Flyers

MAN is learning to fly at faster and faster speeds. Many airliners fly at over 200 m.p.h. The Constellation's average speed approaches the 300 m.p.h. mark. Pilots in jet-propelled aircraft are flying at well over 600 m.p.h., but even they are not the fastest fliers of today.

The American deer bot-fly is the fastest creature on earth, and has been timed over short distances by a very high-speed camera. Its speed is really remarkable — 400 yards per second, which is 818 miles an hour. You cannot hear one of these bot-flies coming, you can only hear it going, because its speed is well above that of sound! One would wonder whether the deer bot-fly can hear itself whilst in flight or whether it has to stop to hear itself coming.

Birds are not in the same class as the deer bot-fly, but there are some remarkably fast fliers amongst them. Whereas fast insects can only fly very short distances, birds have range and endurance with their speed. The fastest bird is thought to be the lammergeier, or bearded vulture, Europe's largest bird of prey. In a good wind these birds have travelled at well over 150 m.p.h.

Hawks and eagles of all kinds are noted for their speed, and their use of air-currents to sustain effortless flight is well known. For long minutes on end and over miles of terrain soar Australian wedgetail eagles like mere black dots in the sky. The peregrine falcon is an outstandingly fast and strong flier. Much used in falconry, this bird outflies wildfowl such as herons and even wild duck and, poising above them, strikes them down in flight. One was observed to overtake an Australian black duck, "stoop," and miss, and overtake the duck again within three hundred yards. Gunmen know the speed of a black duck.

The spine-tailed swift is one of the fastest of birds and one of the greatest distance fliers. Migratory in habit, they fly continuously for hours on end, and have "refuelling in flight" down to a fine art.

Chiene Takes "Native Son" Trophy

Swimmers Finish Season

HATS off to Bruce Chiene, winner of the "Native Son" Trophy presented by Mr. W. W. Kirwan for the swimmer who scored most points in races during the 1948-1949 season!

During a heavy season of thirty-six events, Bruce led over the last three months and scored the splendid tally of 156 points to beat Harry Davis by six points with Peter Lindsay a further two behind.

Chiene is in his second season of competition in the Pool and his win was a very popular one. A very pleased man was Committeeman George Chiene who has hardly missed a race all the season and who was keenly interested not only in his son's form but in the keen contests that have taken place.

Another popular thing was Harry

Davis' second placing for that good performer has never won a monthly point score, yet his consistency put him second only to Chiene in the year's results. Luck has not been with him but he finished very close.

Both Davis and Lindsay will be recipients of "Native Son" trophies presented by Mr. Kirwan.

The final points of the twenty-two swimmers who led the field were:—

"Native Son" 1948/9 Trophy

B. Chiene, 156 points, 1.
H. E. Davis, 150 points, 2.
P. Lindsay, 148 points, 3.

D. B. Hunter and C. Hoole, 141½, 4; J. Shaffran, 139½, 6; S. Murray, 131, 7; A. R. McCamley, 127, 8; A. K. Webber, 121½, 9; J. O. Dexter and Neil Barrell, 117½, 10; M. Fuller, 111½, 12; C. B. Phillips, 105, 13; W. K.

Sherman, 104½, 14; W. G. Dovey, 102½, 15; G. Goldie, 93, 16; M. Sellen and C. Chatterton, 86½, 17; S. B. Solomon, 83, 19; W. Kendall, 73½, 20; W. M. Williams, 71½, 21; W. B. Phillips, 70, 22.

The July Point Score resulted in a good win by John Dexter, Junior, who gained most points in a monthly series during the season. Two wins and two thirds in finals gave him a tally of twenty-six points with Malcolm Fuller four points behind only half a point ahead of Peter Hill.

Swimmers continued to show speed during the month and even in the last race but one three of them, Fuller, Chiene and Dexter had a second each clipped off their handicaps.

Fastest times during the month were:—20 secs by M. Fuller (twice); 20-1/5, W. M. Williams; 20-3/5, B. Chiene and W. G. Dovey; 20-4/5, W. G. Dovey; 21-1/5, J. O. Dexter; 21-2/5, H. E. Davis.

With the conclusion of the most successful season to date, the swimmers will go into recess for a few months but will be ready for the fray again in October.

In the meantime the Swimming Club will hold its Annual Ball in the Clubrooms on Saturday, 24th September, when the trophies will be presented during the usual popular interlude in the Pool.

This splendid function will be right up to the standard that has made it so successful during the many years it has been held.

Results

June 21, 40 yards Handicap:—P. Lindsay (24), 1; D. B. Hunter (26), 2; C. Hoole (23), 3. Time, 22-3/5 secs.

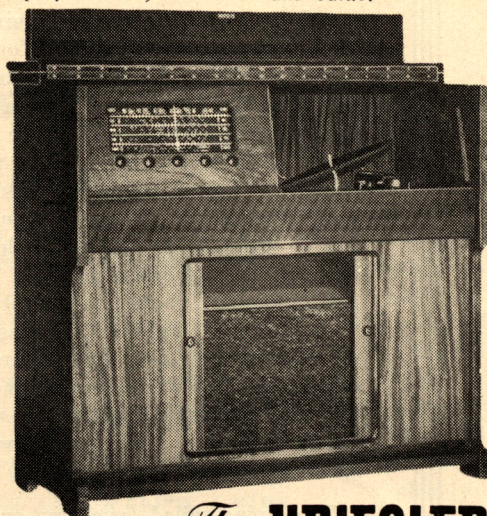
June 28, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—H. E. Davis and B. Chiene (44), 1; J. O. Dexter and S. B. Solomon (50), 2; W. Sherman and J. Shaffran (51), 3. Time 43-2/5 secs.

July 5, 40 yards Handicap:—J. O. Dexter (23), 1; B. Chiene (22), 2; H. E. Davis (22), 3. Time, 22-3/5 secs.

July 12, 80 yards Brace Relay
(Continued Next Column)

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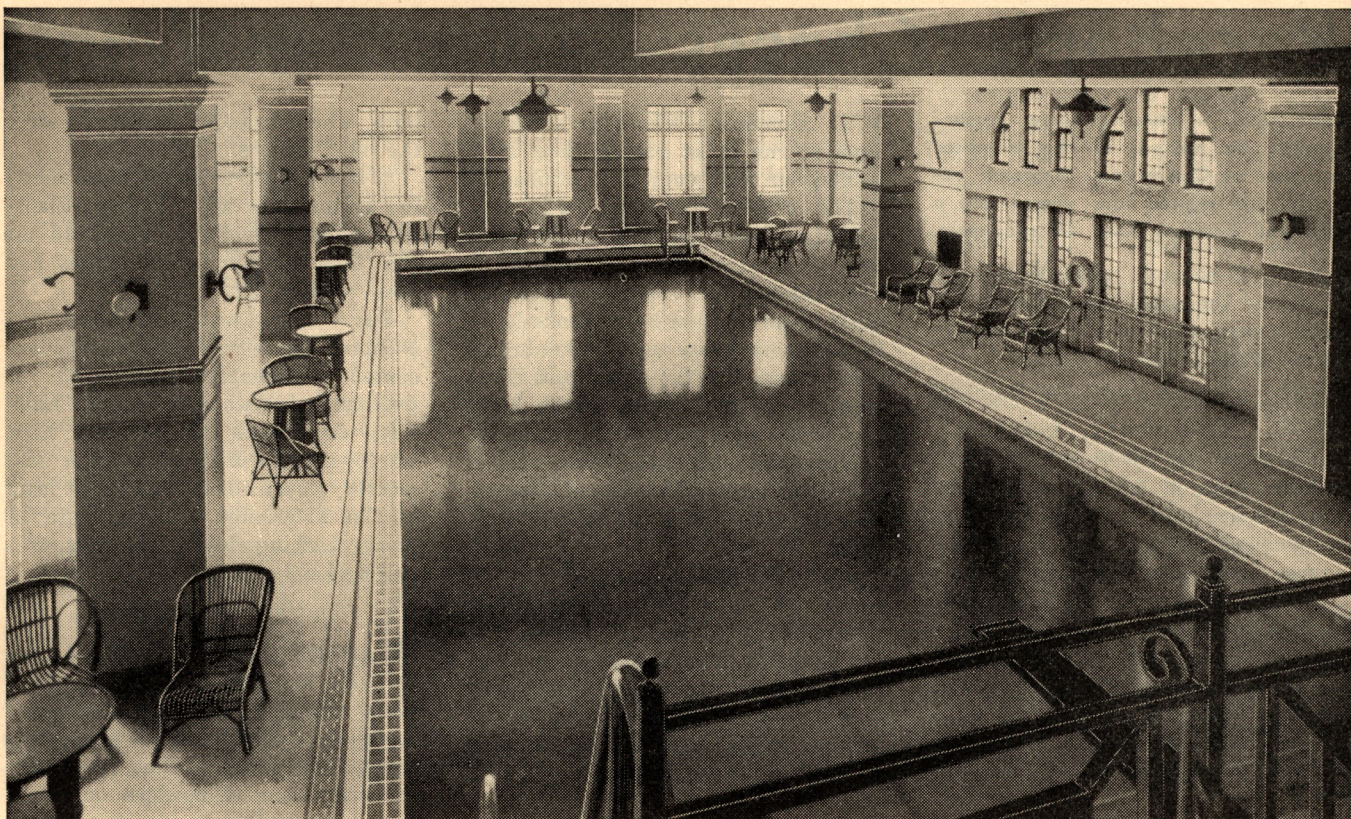
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Handicap:—M. Fuller and W. M. Williams (42), 1; S. Murray and P. Hill (46), 2; D. B. Hunter and J. O. Dexter (48), and C. Hoole and P. Lindsay (46), 3. Time 40-4/5 secs.

July 19, 40 yards Handicap:—1st Division—M. Fuller (21), 1; B. Chiene (22), 2; H. E. Davis (22), 3. Time, 20 secs. 2nd Division—J. O. Dexter (23), 1; B. Adams (23), 2; W. G. Dovey (21) and W. M. Williams (21), 3. Time, 21-1/5 secs.

July 26, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—P. Hill and W. G. Dovey (43) and M. Sellen and Neil Barrell (43), 1; S. Murray and J. O. Dexter (46), 3. Time, 43-2/5 secs.

June Point Score

Final Result:—P. Lindsay and B. Chiene, 23 points, 1; D. B. Hunter, 21½, 3; H. E. Davis, 20½, 4; W. G. Dovey, 20, 5; C. Hoole and W. K. Sherman, 18, 6; J. O. Dexter, 17, 8; S. B. Solomon and A. K. Webber, 15½, 9.

July Point Score

Final Results:—J. O. Dexter, 26 points, 1; M. Fuller, 22, 2; P. Hill,

TEST CRICKET TRICK

DUDLEY NOURSE, South Africa's Captain, is not being put in the "dock" for his long-shot gamble declaration, which led to an England victory in the final Test in South Africa (an English writer comments). Responsible opinion agrees that his action was justified because, though the odds were long, it was a desperate throw which almost came off.

Nourse told me he knew full well, when he made the fateful decision at tea, that England were fully capable of getting 172 in 95 minutes—in fact, Compton, Hutton, or Washbrook were capable of doing it alone. But he also thought that with Athol Rowan and Norman Mann operating on a worn wicket, with the light fading, there was a chance.

South Africa did not attempt a

21½, 3; B. Chiene, W. M. Williams and H. E. Davis, 21, 4; Neil Barrell and C. Hoole, 18½, 7; W. G. Dovey, 18, 9; B. Adams, 17, 10; D. B. Hunter, 15, 11.

scoring burst during the day, as Nourse did not want England to have to get many runs. He wanted to dangle a bait at which England would think it worth while to nibble. George Mann said he would have done the same as Nourse had the roles been reversed.

An amusing sidelight, as the tension grew, was that George Mann had put his watch on two minutes. So, whenever he said, for instance, "Ten minutes left," the whole team chorused, "No, twelve minutes."

When Watkins went in, he signalled to Mann that he and Crapp intended to get the runs in singles. Athol Rowan, however, intercepted the signs and apparently mistook them for agreement that England were going to play out time.

This idea he passed on to Nourse, and that is perhaps why, in the vital closing minutes, South Africa's field was strung out around the boundary. But short singles were snatched from almost every ball and Nourse realised, too late, what had happened.

Racehorse Chases Woman in Mink

Furry Glen, a riderless horse, crashed through the railings of the members' enclosure at Cheltenham (England) recently, and injured four women and a man and knocked down 40 spectators.

IN a 30-second "gate-crash" — one of the most terrifying incidents I have seen on a racecourse— Furry Glen:

Tried to jump over a 6 ft. 6 in. man;

Chased a woman in a mink coat;

Tore past a line of astonished bookmakers; and

Smashed his way out on to the course again near the judge's box.

Those treated at the racecourse hospital were:

Lady Cooke, wife of Sir William Cooke, a prominent racehorse owner, bruises, cuts, and shock;

The Hon. Mrs. Brooke, shock;

Mrs. Hearn, wife of the Assistant Chief Constable of Staffordshire, shoulder injuries;

Mrs. Ashburner, wife of Colonel

P. R. Ashburner, whose horse Royal Fusilier ran in an earlier race. Mrs. Ashburner had cuts and bruises.

The 6 ft. 6 in. man, who was slightly injured, left the course limping.

I was on the roof of the members' stand and the horse broke loose immediately below me. The crowd were jammed in the stand and there was an overflow, with about 1,000 on the grass in front of the stand.

They had just cheered the win of Lord Mildmay and his mount, Castledermot, winner of the National Hunt 'Chase.

Furry Glen's saddle had slipped under his stomach. Maddened by stirrup irons striking the inside of his hind legs, he charged the enclosure, bowling over a line of spectators as he shattered the 6 in. wooden railings between the running course and the enclosure.

Buck-jumping and lashing out with his hind legs, he charged across the members' lawn. Spectators rushed for safety, I watched the horse leave a path of havoc as people were knocked over by each other and the horse.

Race-glasses, race-cards, and handbags littered the ground.

Furry Glen penetrated the crowd as far as the foot of the members' stand, then turned left towards the bookmakers lining the rail between the members' enclosure and Tattersall's.

The horse charged the bookmakers, who scattered but at the last moment refused to tackle this formidable array, tore down the line of astonished bookies, and smashed his way out on to the course again.

Mr. James Bowes, a Liverpool visitor, said: "I was in the middle of the members' enclosure when I heard a yell, 'Look out.' As I turned round Furry Glen careered past me, 2 ft. away, kicking viciously.

"He knocked over a girl standing next to me and galloped over her. She was up in a flash, apparently unhurt."

Many people who saw this incident were shaken, and there was a general move in the direction of the

bars, where brandies and soda were the chief orders.

It takes a lot to shake these hunting enthusiasts who flock to Cheltenham, but several admitted to me that they did not like what they had seen "a little bit."

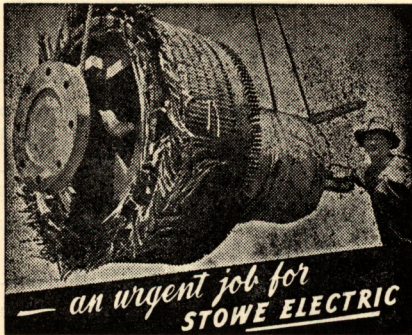
Furry Glen, who fell during the National Hunt Steeplechase and unseated his amateur jockey, Mr. T. O'Connell, is owned by Mr. C. Lawless, who trains and races in Eire, where the horse won a race last month. Furry Glen was caught later in the afternoon, and in spite of twice crashing through railings, was not seriously hurt.

WALTER HAMMOND, who scored 165 hundreds during his first-class career, including nine against Australia, thinks that something ought to be done to help the long-suffering race of bowlers on shirt-front wickets, but he is not sure that his old rival Don Bradman has the right solution. Bradman, at a dinner given by the M.C.C., to the Australian team, urged that the L.B.W. rule should be made to apply to a ball turning from leg as well as from the off. We don't suppose you would find a bowler to disagree with him. Since the present cricket law, revised in favour of the bowler, 11 years ago, has been in force, bowlers plugging away at the apparently unbowlable have been muttering, "Why not from leg as well?"

Hammond thinks a better way of helping the bowler might be to have wickets a little less perfect and he is all for a "simple method of helping the bowler" rather than having a drastic change in the rule.

Frank Chester, the umpire who would probably have been a Test cricketer if he had not lost an arm in the first German War, supports Bradman's idea. It would make a little more work for umpires but they had managed the off stump law easily enough and he saw no difficulties.

"But I wonder why Bradman waited until his last season of first class cricket to make the suggestion," Chester said to me.



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Our Bowling Club Notes

WITH the return of fine weather, members have again been able to enjoy a number of games at Double Bay on the beautifully running "Bent" Green made available to us. We are all very appreciative of the many favours accorded to us by the Double Bay Club.

It is very gratifying to the executive of Tatt's. Bowling Club, and particularly to Hon. Secretary Gordon Booth, who is untiring in his efforts to give members the maximum enjoyment, to find sustained enthusiasm displayed by all members.

On 7th July we played a match against the U.L.V.A. at Double Bay and after a very exciting game were victorious by 3 points.

Scores

Mitchell, Dwyer, Norton, Davis (Tatts.), 17; Wood, Lett, Rose, Pen-drick (U.L.V.A.), 29. Thomas, Brown, McIntosh, Chatterton (Tatts.), 15; Calvin, Baker, Murphy, W. O'Neill (U.L.V.A.), 21. Young, Silk, Catts, Hill (Tatts.), 24; Creasy, Kerr, Gascoyne, Plasto (U.L.V.A.), 12. Bavington, Ruthven, Booth, Dewdney (Tatts.), 30; John O'Neill, Weiss, Franklin, Jack O'Neill (U.L.V.A.), 21.

A win scored at the east end by Ted Dewdney's rink against Jack O'Neill's team enabled Tatts. to snatch victory in an exciting game by 86 to 83.

On 14th July we were able to return the hospitality of the Warrawee Club, who visited us at Double Bay with four rinks. The game was a most enjoyable one and resulted in a win for Tatts. by 9 points.

Scores

Young, Goldberg, Turner, Bloom-field (Tatts.), 17; Sparling, Les Brown, J. Fisher, Grieve (W.), 32. Booth, Trainor, McDonald, Davis (Tatts.), 16; Hughes, Longworth, J. Mitchell, Christie (W.), 17; Bavington, Abbott, Barmby, Roles (Tatts.), 22; Crane, Rofe, Neale, Holiday-Smith (W.), 19. R. Mitchell, Williams, Ruthven, Chatterton (Tatts.), 31; Tillamore, Goddard, Crawford, Flowerden (W.), 9.

Totals: Tatts. 86, Warrawee 77.

In this game Stan Chatterton, ably supported by the other members of his rink, bowled particularly well, and was largely responsible for victory.

On Thursday, 21st July, at Double Bay, three matches in the Pairs Handicap were completed. Jack Main and John Trainor (rec. 5) defeated Ossie Keyesen and Frank Krieger, 27 to 20. Roscoe Ball and Lou Traversi (rec. 6) defeated Cyril Brice and Johnny Gibbs (rec. 4) by 28 to 21. Archie Price and Gordon Booth (rec. 7) defeated Ken Williams and Charlie Young (rec. 3) by 24 to 12. This pairs large winning margin was mainly due to excellent form of Archie Price and their "price" (no pun intended) has contracted accordingly.

Congratulations to Frank Kreiger on winning the Minor Championship of Double Bay. We hope it will be the major next year, Frank.

Congratulations also to Bill Thomas who, with a Double Bay member, won the Double Bay Pairs Championship.

A WHIFF OF THE PAST So This Is Auckland!

AUSTRALIAN bowlers, and others who bowl not, here is a picture that must, metaphorically speaking, make your mouths water. The New Zealand postal authorities place telephones in houses and charge a nominal fee. You can use the instrument till the cows come home; there is no charge. For those in the street one penny is asked. Taxi-cabs will take you to Timbuctoo and anywhere-else-too for about eighteenpence.

I was allotted a boarding-house, and the price gave me a bit of a scare—25/- a week—but have a peep at this: Hot and cold baths and showers at your bedroom door all day and night. Beautiful outlook, Rangitoto in the distance, and lovely views of harbour, etc. The fare, amazing — too amazing for words, and equal to the best dinner served at the big hotels—penny tram section from the railway. Lots of other

features. Who wants to return to Sydney? No shouting on the greens, afternoon tea and biscuits, three-pence; daylight saving and play till nine! (Believe it or not the above Press note was written by a member of the N.S.W. Bowls team which visited New Zealand only as far back as 1936.)

HOUSE THAT GREW

IN the Jingera mountain, between Captain's Flat and Cooma (N.S.W.), is a slab and bark house of eighteen rooms. It grew from a two-roomed hut. The original hut was built with split slab walls, stringybark roof and earth floor. As the family increased, a bedroom was built for each child, until there was 18 rooms, all of slabs and bark. This big family bought very little food, most of it being produced on the farm.

Mother rabbit to her small child: "A magician pulled you out of a hat, now stop asking questions!"

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Narrow Stance is Best

Gene Sarazen's Advice

THE problem of the stance—wide or narrow—has long presented a subject for argument to the student of golf. My own stance (writes Gene Sarazen) is neither one nor the other. Bobby Jones stands with his feet quite close together. Walter Hagen has his right foot quite a distance from the ball. And so on right down the line. Naturally, the golfer who follows in the footsteps of the champions wants to know which method is calculated to give better results—and why.

Personally, I believe that greater accuracy is obtainable from a narrow stance than from one in which the feet are far apart. When making the shorter strokes, we naturally put our feet together. That being so, why change the method for distance? From a stance in which the right foot is straddled, the body may be swayed too much to the right in the early part of the upswing. A slight sway does little harm, but the danger lies in the absence of pivot at the right time in the down-swing. When the right foot is far from the ball the pivot of the body generally takes place much too late to be of any assistance in getting a length.

Keep to Close Stance

The ball may be struck fair enough, but the probability is that there will be too much arm and not enough body in the shot to make for power.



Just before impact the left side and the hip must be got out of the way of the oncoming club-head. The left hip must pivot around and away from the ball, and there is a far better

chance of doing so if the feet are near rather than far apart.

The right leg is the whole support of the body beginning the swing; for a second or so the body weight is transferred to it, and the weight stays there while the club-head goes up and over the shoulder. If at that point the right foot is too far from the centre of the swing, the chance of



disturbing the balance is greatly increased. The way to avoid this is to keep the right foot from taking up too wide a position.

A too-wide straddle tends to inaccurate driving, as the body is allowed too much room in which to sway about in the back-swing, and the golfer is tempted to press the

shot by means of a forward push of the body. Regardless of a wide or narrow stance, the great idea should be to swing the club-head, with the body making a clean pivot throughout the movement—by no means an easy task when the right foot is straddled out.

WHERE HAT GOES ROUND

IN search of bread, butter and quite a thick spreading of jam, have come to England a bunch of Australian, West Indians and Indian cricketers capable of challenging even our full national strength (writes an English newspaper). But they will be playing only in the hearty Saturday-afternoon cricket of the Lancashire and Central Lancashire Leagues, where the hat goes round for the afternoon's hero. Most are Australian—some of Test calibre.

Bruce Dooland (East Lanes.), Fred Freer (Rishton) and George Tribe (Milnrow) all bowled in Test matches in our 1946-7 tour. R. Craig (Accrington), W. Alley (Colne) and J. Pettiford played for their States against us. Cecil Pepper (Burnley) is well known here. Everton Weekes who, for West Indies, created a new world's record by completing in India five successive centuries in Test innings, will be seen in England for the first time.

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SOMETHING ON HER MIND

ON the way home from the office the other night, I passed one of those suds-and-sawdust parlours that fill the spaces between the pawnshops on Third Avenue, and having nothing better to do, I stepped in and ordered a double Moxie, seltzer on the side.

Standing next to me at the bar was a well-gotten-up gent, grey of temple and pink of jowl, and, as though his life depended on it, he was stacking matchsticks over the opening of an empty beer bottle.

As I was musing over my Moxie, the bartender pointed to the clock on the wall and, addressing himself to the matchstick piler, said, "Time to get going, Doc. It's after 6."

Pink Jowls glanced at his wrist-watch, smiled, and nodded. "I hadn't noticed," he said happily. "You won't believe it, but I've balanced 237 matchsticks on this bottle today. That's a record, isn't it?"

And with that, he picked up his homburg from the next stool, waved a cheery good-bye, and walked out.

"I recognise the symptoms," I said to the bartender. "What he needs is a good psycho-analyst."

"He don't need one," the bartender said. "He is one, and the way I hear it, the most important bird-brains in town pay him 50 bucks an hour to listen to their troubles."

"Another Moxie," I said, reaching for a pencil. "I'm sure you won't mind if I make a few notes on the back of this menu—I'll write around the fly-specks."

"Well," the barkeep began, "for 20 years this psycho-watchamacallit has been listening to people who had troubles, thought they had troubles, or were troubled because they didn't have troubles."

"As you can imagine, it's no cinch to play slop barrel for everybody's mouldy beefs and a few months ago the Doc began to crack up. It got so that he couldn't sleep nights, snapped at the servants, and finally took

to reading Russian novelists. This, of course, worried his wife, but dames being what they are, it didn't worry her half as much as it did when he suddenly got cheerful again."

"Let's reprise that," I said, "and this time when you repeat the last sentence, light a match."

"It's the old story," said the barman. "As soon as her husband started cracking jokes and acting normal around the house again, his wife figured another woman was the reason. So, to check up, she began 'phoning his office during the day, and it didn't ease her mind none when she found the Doc was out every afternoon from five to six and never left word where he was going."

"When she finally cornered him about these strange disappearances, her husband laughed and told her he was simply taking his own medicine—he had done what he'd advise any person similarly troubled to do—see a psycho-analyst. Every day at five he stopped being a doctor and became the patient of a wise, capable and experienced therapist—a certain Stephen R. Watts."

Wife Relieved

"His wife was relieved to hear this and, to show how she felt, leaned over and kissed him full on the mouth. And that's when she got curious all over again—his breath smelled of liquor."

"That night she leafed through the medical directories and telephone book, but she couldn't find a Stephen R. Watts listed anywhere, and so naturally she concluded there was no Stephen R. Watts."

"Next day at five, when the Doc left his office, she was standing in a nearby doorway, and when he entered a cafe a few blocks away, she was watching from the other side of the street."

"So this is where he meets her," she said to herself. "I'll break every bottle in the joint on his head. . . ."

"But then she thought of the messy publicity and decided on a more gen-

teel way of letting him know she was on to his game. She went to a nearby drugstore, looked up the telephone number and dialled the cafe.

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Stephen R. Watts," she told the man who answered. "Tell him the doctor's wife is calling."

"I'll bet it knocked old Freudy-cat right off his bar stool," I said. "Did his wife get a divorce?"

"Of course not," said the drink dispenser. "You see, it was Stephen R. Watts himself who answered that 'phone, and when he finished talking to the lady, she apologised, went home and laid out the Doc's pipe and slippers."

"This story of yours has suddenly gotten muddy," I said. "Are you sure you aren't making it up?"

"Every word of it is true," said the bartender, "or my name isn't Stephen R. Watts."

—By Billy Rose.

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Results of Billiards and Snooker Tournaments, 1949

BILLIARDS — THIRD ROUND

J. H. Peoples	Rec. 100	beat	R. L. Ball	Rec. 130	by 11
L. J. Haigh	" 90	"	S. E. Chatterton	" 100	" 104
J. Harris	" 100	"	W. R. Dovey	" 130	" 38
C. J. Manning	" 110	"	E. W. Abbott	" 130	" 7
J. Molloy	" 50	"	J. A. Roles	" 100	" 28
R. H. Alderson	" 40	"	A. R. Buckle	" 75	" 42
F. E. Headlam	" 65	"	L. R. Flack	" 90	" 4
E. K. White	" 100	"	J. Eaton	" 80	Forfeit

BILLIARDS — FOURTH ROUND

L. J. Haigh	Rec. 90	beat	R. H. Alderson	Rec. 40	by 51
J. Harris	" 100	"	C. J. Manning	" 110	" 87
F. E. Headlam	" 65	"	J. H. Peoples	" 100	" 19
E. K. White	" 100	"	J. Molloy	" 50	" 57

SNOOKER — SECOND ROUND

E. E. Davis	Rec. 50	beat	A. J. Chown	Rec. 20	by 42
K. Ranger	" 45	"	B. M. Norris	" 25	" 25
R. Rattray	" 35	"	H. Hill	" 35	" 11

SNOOKER — THIRD ROUND

S. Peters	Rec. 50	beat	C. L. Parker	Rec. 50	by 18
P. J. Schwarz	" 40	"	W. G. Marshall	" 50	" 25
G. J. Watson	" 30	"	G. R. Bryden	" 30	" 56
K. F. E. Fidden	" 30	"	N. R. Plomley	" 30	" 32
H. G. Parr	" 50	"	J. L. Hughes	" 50	" 23
G. J. C. Moore	" 50	"	J. I. Armstrong	" 55	" 3
W. S. Edwards	" 50	"	J. H. Peoples	" 30	" 14
J. Molloy	" 30	"	L. H. Howarth	" 35	" 9
J. A. Shaw	" 45	"	W. Longworth	" 10	" 23
K. Ranger	" 45	"	E. K. White	" 50	" 33
E. E. Davis	" 50	"	J. D. Mullan	" 55	" 27
E. A. Davis	" 20	"	T. E. Sweet	" 60	" 39
D. F. Graham	" 50	"	W. E. Askew	" 45	" 26
A. R. Buckle	" 45	"	G. Webster	" 40	" 57
E. H. Booth	" 40	"	H. J. Robertson	Scratch	" 11
R. Rattray	" 35	"	W. G. Harris	Rec. 55	" 25

SNOOKER — FOURTH ROUND

W. S. Edwards	Rec. 50	beat	E. A. Davis	Rec. 20	by 49
D. F. Graham	" 50	"	E. E. Davis	" 50	" 28
K. F. E. Fidden	" 30	"	H. G. Parr	" 50	" 24
P. J. Schwarz	" 40	"	G. J. C. Moore	" 50	" 44
J. A. Shaw	" 45	"	G. J. Watson	" 30	" 27
S. Peters	" 50	"	J. Molloy	" 30	" 6
K. Ranger	" 45	"	A. R. Buckle	" 45	" 32
E. H. Booth	" 40	"	R. Rattray	" 35	" 12

Lords Make Decision

FOR the first time in 40 years the House of Lords is to review the Hyams v. King judgment—given by the Court of Appeal in 1908. Hyams v. King decided that, in spite of the Gaming Act, 1845 (which makes gaming debts unenforceable), book-makers can recover from backers if there has been a fresh agreement to pay—for instance, where a book-maker says he will report a backer to Tattersall's and the backer agrees to pay so as not to be reported.

DEPT. OF LOST ROMANCES

Advertisement in the Winnipeg Free Press:—

"Swap beautiful 100 dollar diamond ring, modern setting, for big game rifle."

* * *

PRACTICAL

Two harried men were discussing their joys and sorrows.

"My wife," said one, "is very poetic. She gets up at sunrise and says, 'Lo, the morn!'"

"Huh!" said the other sadly. "Mine says, 'Mow the lawn!'"

* * *

CATTY

One man was buying some meat in the butcher shop when another entered in a great hurry and rudely interrupted.

"Give me some dog meat, quick," he said to the butcher. Then, turning to the other customer: "I hope you don't mind my cutting in?"

"Not at all," said the other acidly. "Not if you're that hungry."

* * *

WASTED EFFORT

The young lawyer watched the door of his new establishment open to admit his first client. Business had started. A good impression must be created!

Hurriedly he grasped the telephone receiver and became engaged in animated conversation. Then, an appointment having been arranged, he replaced the receiver and asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

A moment's pause, and then: "If you please, sir, I've come to connect the telephone."

Romantic Story of "Old Starlight"

Won First Fight at Age of Thirty-Four!

"Jim Hall, The Greatest of Them All"

ON the banks of the Demerara River, near Georgetown (British Guiana), in 1852, a dusky mother crooned to her infant son, dreaming, perhaps, of his future. But her wildest flights of fancy scarcely were likely to have visualised the fantastic future of the lusty babe she held in her arms. Vividly the scenes change in rapid and dramatic progression. The hurricane-swept decks of sailing ships. The coral-banked pearly grounds of Northern Australia . . . The ninth round of the fight for the middleweight championship of Australia at Larry Foley's White Horse Club, George Street, Sydney . . . Bob Fitzsimmons, one of the greatest fighters that ever laced on a glove, is on the floor, a trickle of blood runs down his cheek . . . With his back to the ropes, a tall, dark boy watches Bob; spasms of pain shoot up his arm from his right hand, for the punch that put Fitz on the floor

has broken the dusky lad's hand. . . . The National Sporting Club, London, mecca of fighters of the 'eighties.

The coloured fighter who has just won the middleweight championship of Europe, smiles happily as his seconds cut the sodden gloves from his hands. The door of his dressing room swings open, and the great Peter Jackson stands framed in the doorway. "Harry Starlight," he says, "the Prince of Wales wishes to speak to you," and thus, the babe from the picturesque Demerara River, now known to fighting men the world over as "Starlight," is called forth to shake hands with Edward, Prince of Wales, his future King.

A picturesque link with the palmy days of Australian boxing, when Larry Foley presided over the White Horse brood before they sailed away to electrify the old world and America with the science of their fists, the fury of their fighting, their terrific punching, and their lion-hearted courage, is Edward C. Rollins, known to fighting men the world over as "Starlight."

Distinguished Blood

The old darky, now 83, is spending the winter of his life in Melbourne. His tall, dignified figure causes many to turn their heads as he strolls each afternoon down Collins Street; his magnificent and extraordinary ring

record, his courtly, dignified manner, and his modest bearing, show that his claim to inherit on his maternal side, the blood of the great fighting Chief, Chetewan, is no idle boast.

He resents any intrusion on his privacy, and lives in the past, an alien figure in a new world.

In 1864, when he was 12 years of age, he left the peaceful, palm-fringed Demerara River, and the warm West Indian skies behind him, joined the sailing ship "Polly Greenwich" as ship's cabin boy, and set out to see the world.

Five years later he landed in London, with £10, all his wordly wealth; his money soon went; cold, miserable, and half-starved, the black boy was eventually shanghaied aboard the four-masted ship, "Lord Beaconsfield," bound for Sydney Town.

From Sydney he drifted to the pearly grounds of Thursday Island; here men of all races and creeds, cooped up in small luggers for weeks on end, developing bitter and deadly hatreds of each other and everyone on earth, fought to let off steam.

So, when some years later the black boxer, Charley Martin ("Moonlight") picked an argument with Ted Rollins in Brisbane, he found him not only willing, but enthusiastic.

Jack Dowridge, ex-lightweight champion of England (The Black Diamond), then running a fight hall



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in Brisbane, hearing of the dispute, talked business to the black boys, and signed them up.

It is 1886 in Brisbane. Rolfe Boldrewood's classic "Robbery Under Arms," is thrilling the city; so, when Edward C. Rollins made his first bow to a crowd from inside the magic square, the announcer, whose own name is lost in the mists of time, coined a name that will live for ever in the annals of Australian boxing fame, when he announced "Gentlemen, Starlight v. Moonlight, 8 rounds."

At the age of 34, an age when most fighters are through or retired, Starlight won his first ring contest by a k.o. in the 6th round.

The black boy had come into his own—henceforth fighting was to be his trade. In his second fight Starlight stopped Dan Williams; then "Mysterious" Billy Smith undertook to stop Star and failed.

Starlight next k.o.'d the heavy-weight, Harry Stanley, and then went on to win the Middleweight Championship of Queensland by knocking out "Black Chris" in the 15th round of a finish fight.

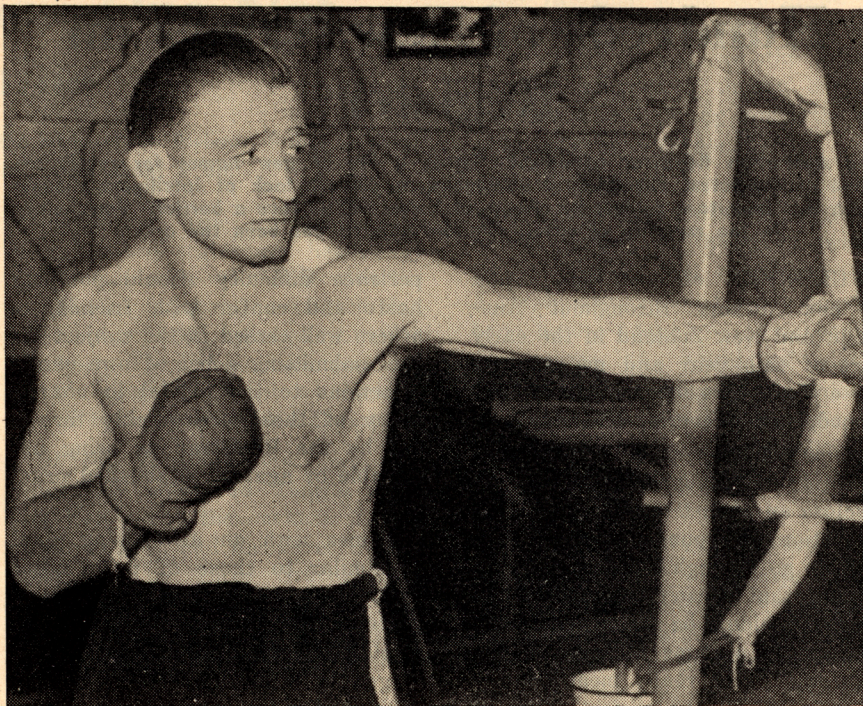
It is now 1889. Fame is lifting beckoning fingers to Slavin, Jackson, Fitz, Goddard, Griffo, and all the White Horse brood, so Starlight left Queensland and joined the great master.

In Sydney, Foley matched him with "Iron Bark" Jim Burge.

Jim stopped Star in 8, but in his next fight the black fighter downed Bill Nolan in 8, and then fought the hardest fight of his career, a fight to a finish with Jim Hall.

Jim was Foley's favourite pupil, a clever, shifty fighter, strong as a lion, cleverer than Fitz, but without the freckled one's punch. Starlight took terrific punishment that night; he fought from the 5th round to the 25th (when the police stopped the contest) with an injured hand.

Then followed his fight for the Middleweight Championship of Australia against Bob Fitzsimmons. Starlight put Fitz on the floor in the 9th, but the Cornishman, though badly hurt, was on his feet when the bell rang, and Starlight's bid for



Eddie Miller is in the news again. In the picture above he is shown in a work-out in Solomon's London gymnasium. Miller has always been regarded as an Australian. Actually he is a Scot, having been born in Glasgow. He arrived in Australia at 10 years of age and when boxing days are over has set himself to succeed as a bookmaker.

the coveted title had gone, for his hand was broken.

Fights with Jim Hall, George Ruenalf, "Tut" Ryan, Jim Perryman, and Peter Felix followed. Meanwhile, Fitz, Jim Hall, Peter Jackson, and Frank Slavin had crossed the seas; Dan Creedon had claimed the middle-weight crown, and was preparing to follow them.

Before he left, Starlight made another throw for the title. Creedon stopped the coloured fighter in 8 rounds, retained his title, and collected a £300 purse.

Then 1896. Starlight is 44. Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin were thrilling the blase sportsmen of the Old World. Bob Fitzsimmons had electrified American fight followers by stripping the world's title from the "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, and Newhaven had won the Melbourne Cup. Starlight packed his kit, headed for England and tossed his hat into the rings of the Old World.

He won first up by stopping Jack Steele in 17 rounds, then collected

(Continued on Page 24)

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Hundreds of New Names on Register

The Australian Registrar periodically issues a list of new names for racehorses. Some of the latest examples of nomenclature disclose lack of intelligent thought given this important subject by owners of horses yet to face a barrier. Fortunately, in the majority of cases, splendid naming has been the order.

HUNDREDS of yearlings found new owners throughout Australia and New Zealand in the early part of this year and majority of these young horses already have been named, some cleverly, others poorly.

Some titles accepted by the Registrar (Mr. Fred Noblett of the A.J.C.) disclose an almost total lack of consideration for youngsters which will have to go through life saddled with a name that doesn't mean anything. There shouldn't be much trouble in sorting out a name pleasing to the ears, one which really means something. It isn't the easiest thing to hit upon a smart snappy title, and one of few letters, but the task shouldn't be rushed.

Eagerness to register has generally meant poor naming. Owners who ex-

perience difficulty should postpone haste and confer with friends, or others well versed in the subject before submitting a list of own-choice selections to the official in charge. Many of these are quickly thrown out by the Registrar as being unsuitable or against established practice.

Names with an advertising slant or similar to those of prior noted gallopers such as say Phar Lap, Carbine, Trafalgar or Tim Whiffler, wouldn't stand the bolter's chance of getting past the official.

However, his staff give a lot of assistance to owners and trainers even to extent of selecting a suitable name. Dozens of horses have been named by the Registrar's staff, and many of them have won good

paces. Names of even moderate former gallopers should not be allowed to be repeated. Such practice isn't necessary, and shouldn't be encouraged. There is ample scope for men of intelligence to hit upon a suitable title.

Words of seven letters are a popular medium. Some shining examples could be quoted. Seven letter top-notchers included: Phar Lap, Amounis, Windbag, Poitrel, Carbine, Manfred, Rogilla and Cetigne.

Picks of the better named two-year-olds which will begin racing this spring include the following:

Appraisal (colt by Le Grand Due (imp.) — Estimation); Andes, (colt by High Peak (imp.)—Marietta); Aristocrat (colt by Le Grand Due (imp.) — Kirrang); Buttons and Bows (filly by High Peak (imp.) — Ornamental); Conjurer (colt by El Golea — Quick Trick); David Garrick (colt by Actor (imp.) — Honey-moon); Foam (filly by Neptune (imp.) —Plassida); Folderol (colt by Felcrag (imp.) — Cinderella); Ganges (colt by Dhotei (imp.) — Divinity); Split Second (filly by Quick Thought —Look See); Spanish Armada (filly by England's Glory (imp.) — Too Easy); and True Leader (colt by Squadron Leader (imp.) — Evertrue).

Various owners make it a habit of using combination names, that is, taking part of the name of the sire and of the dam. Some results have been quite satisfactory, but the majority have been more or less hotch-potch.

Under this heading racegoers will in the coming months run into the following cumbersome examples:—Bruegheltri (colt by Brueghel (imp.) —Triode); Charlmerri (filly by Charles Fox — Merrileas); Courtcome (colt by Agincourt (imp.) — Komachi); Dashing Minnabel (filly by Dashing Cavalier—Minnabel); Hellesburn (colt by Hellespont (imp.) —Burndale); Our Fowl (colt by Mayfowl—Dishonour); Parawater (filly by Roussel Water (imp.) — Par-toer); Tijolavia (filly by Pictavia (imp.)—Tijolie); Yeringa Beau (colt by Beaupartir — Yarry); and last but not least, Mr. Fast Spear (colt by Mr. Steadfast (imp.) — Scimitar).

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For the Casino—One Slot Machine

Story of shattered villas, 5/- bets, point to the crisis on the Riviera. Prince Louis of Monaco is feeling pretty miserable about it all.

SOcial change is hitting the French Riviera. To allay fears and bolster their own hopes, the publicity agents are claiming that it has been the best winter season since the war. They have captioned it The Season of the ex-Kings, in recognition of the simultaneous presence of the Duke of Windsor, ex-King Leopold of Belgium and ex-King Michael of Rumania.

But in deducing that the Riviera will revive as a fashionable paradise the publicity agents are misreading the signs. The people who made the Riviera no longer have the money; most of those who now have it do not spend it freely.

The new rich have made the Riviera less fashionable, and much more difficult to maintain in its old luxury condition. And paid holidays, especially in France, bring tens of thousands of working-class families to the coast every summer. The result is to be seen in the low stake gambling at the casinos, shuttered villas along the coast and a winter season that is a mockery of the past, lasting barely two weeks.

Monte Carlo's casino—the garish, wedding-cake structure which is the financial mainstay of Monaco—now seems more like a mausoleum than an international centre of fashion and careless spending.

The cathedral hush still hangs over the gambling tables, but now it provides the incongruous accompaniment to 5s. bets. Grim and intent, the customers play by elaborate systems—but you see them leave the tables after winning or losing £5. Many of the famous panelled sales privies are now shut—those salles privies from which Oppenheim characters walked out into the shrubbery to blow their brains out.

Even more marked than the slump in suicides is the slump in casino takings. Like almost all the Riviera casinos, Monte Carlo casino has been

losing money ever since the war. Now Monaco statesmen, headed by Prince Louis II, are faced with the problem of balancing a budget that was almost wholly financed by casino takings. They have even installed an American-made slot machine in one of the casino's gilded foyers.

Of the fabulous past only the beautifully mannered Tsarist General Polovtsoff, the casino's master of ceremonies, and the Three Graces remain. The Three Graces were three Edwardian beauties who were noted gamblers in their day. They still visit the casino and still gamble. As for the General, one feels that he must have put up a tremendous rear-guard action against that slot machine.

Decay, too, is the dominant impression gained from a drive along the coast road. At least half the sizable villas between Cannes and Monte Carlo are shuttered and for sale. Many are British-owned. Their owners are unable to maintain them or sell them owing to currency restrictions.

Prices are often absurdly low: £15,000 will buy the pick of them. One famous property that has been for sale since the end of the war is Lord Derby's, with 20 servants' bedrooms. Reluctantly, estate agents are putting into their advertisements the sentence, "This property is suitable for institutional purposes."

Hotels which have been known to generations of British visitors are being converted into flats. The biggest single blow to the Riviera was the British Government's imposition of currency restrictions on Britons going abroad. Their place as residents and visitors has never been filled.

Nevertheless, the Riviera remains a highly polished social as well as scenic jewel. It still looks beautiful, the sun still shines.

So far this social beachhead of the Western world has been held tenaciously against all the forces arrayed against it, though few of the fashionable throng doubt the inevitability of ultimate defeat.

The present winter season, limited though it was, still provided a fascinating glimpse of the world where steaks, souffles and champagne are a staple diet; where nobody goes to bed before four or lunches before three. A world of dukes and princes, maharajahs and millionaires. Here gossip is a full-time occupation, boredom a constant care, and not to be recognised, the deadliest of insults.

Current favourites at Riviera cocktail parties are two wealthy Californian twin brothers. One is writing a book, the other is indexing it. "We've got the psychology," they explained, "and we are just over here to find characters to fit it."

They have come to the right place.

THESE NAMES WILL LIVE ON

After much thought, I have drawn up this list of ten men living to-day who will be talked about in 100 years' time: Churchill, Stalin, Shaw, Chaplin, Menuhin, Sibelius, Eisenhower, Montgomery, Matthew Smith, Don Bradman.—Laurence Olivier in "News Chronicle."

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ROMANTIC STORY OF "OLD STARLIGHT"

(Continued from Page 21)

£300 and the Middleweight Championship of Europe by defeating Frank Craig (The Coffee Cooler) in 20 rounds at the National Sporting Club. The old black warrior glows with pride as he tells how, after his victory, Peter Jackson introduced him to Lord Lonsdale and Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

Edward, always a keen follower of the game, presented Starlight with the gold topped malacca cane which he carries to-day.

A few more fights followed, then Star let up for two years.

So to 1900. Starlight was then 48 years of age, but, apparently, he he had got his second wind, for he returned to Australia, and fought Jim Fogarty, Billy Smith, Fred Preston, Jack Lees and Charley Wood.

At the age of 51 the black warrior decided to retire, but, after acting as instructor at Government House, Melbourne, where he taught the Earl of Hopetoun's son to box, he returned to the ring, and, at the age of 57, fought Joe Lee at the Cyclorama, Melbourne, that was his last fight in the ring.

Now, at 83, he calmly waits the gong to call him on to the Valhalla of fighting men.

Recently I entertained the old black warrior in my flat. Sitting by the fire, looking into the flames, his arms resting on his gold-topped malacca cane, he peopled the room for me with the great fighters of the past.

"I think Jim Hall was the greatest fighter of them all," he said, in his soft pleasant voice.

"Greater than Fitz?" I questioned.

"Yes, emphatically greater in everything but the punch."

"Where did Fitz get the leverage for his punch?" I asked, and "How did he throw it?"

"I will show you how he punched," he said, "but where he got the leverage from, even Foley didn't know. That is what we all wanted to know; perhaps it was his great shoulders."

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB 1949

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

AUGUST.

Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat.	20
(At Rosehill)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	27
(At Randwick)	

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat.	3
(At Canterbury Park)	
Tattersall's Club Sat.	10
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	24
(At Rosehill)	

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Sat.	1
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	3
Australian Jockey Club Wed.	5
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	8

OCTOBER (Cont.).

City Tattersall's Club Sat.	15
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)	

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	12
(At Randwick)	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	19
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)	

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	3
(At Randwick)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)	
Sydney Turf Club Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)	
Australian Jockey Club Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club Tues.	27
Tattersall's Club Sat.	31
(At Randwick)	

"When Dan Creedon left for America, after he defeated me, he held up the middleweight title belt before my eyes. 'I am going after another belt, Star,' he said. He was young and arrogant, and sure of himself.

"'You will never win it,' I said. 'You forget one man.'

"'Who is it?' Dan asked.

"'Robert,' I said."

"Bob stopped him, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes," said Star. "During the fight Dan, as he broke from a clinch,

tried to get old Bob 'off his nest.' 'Who told you that you could fight?' asked Dan. 'I did,' blazed Bob, as he stepped after him and knocked him out!—"Referee," 1935.

FIRST CHOICE

Army Sergeant—"Have you any preference?"

Draftee—"Yes, sir."

Army Sergeant—"What would you like to be?"

Draftee—"An ex-serviceman with a pension."

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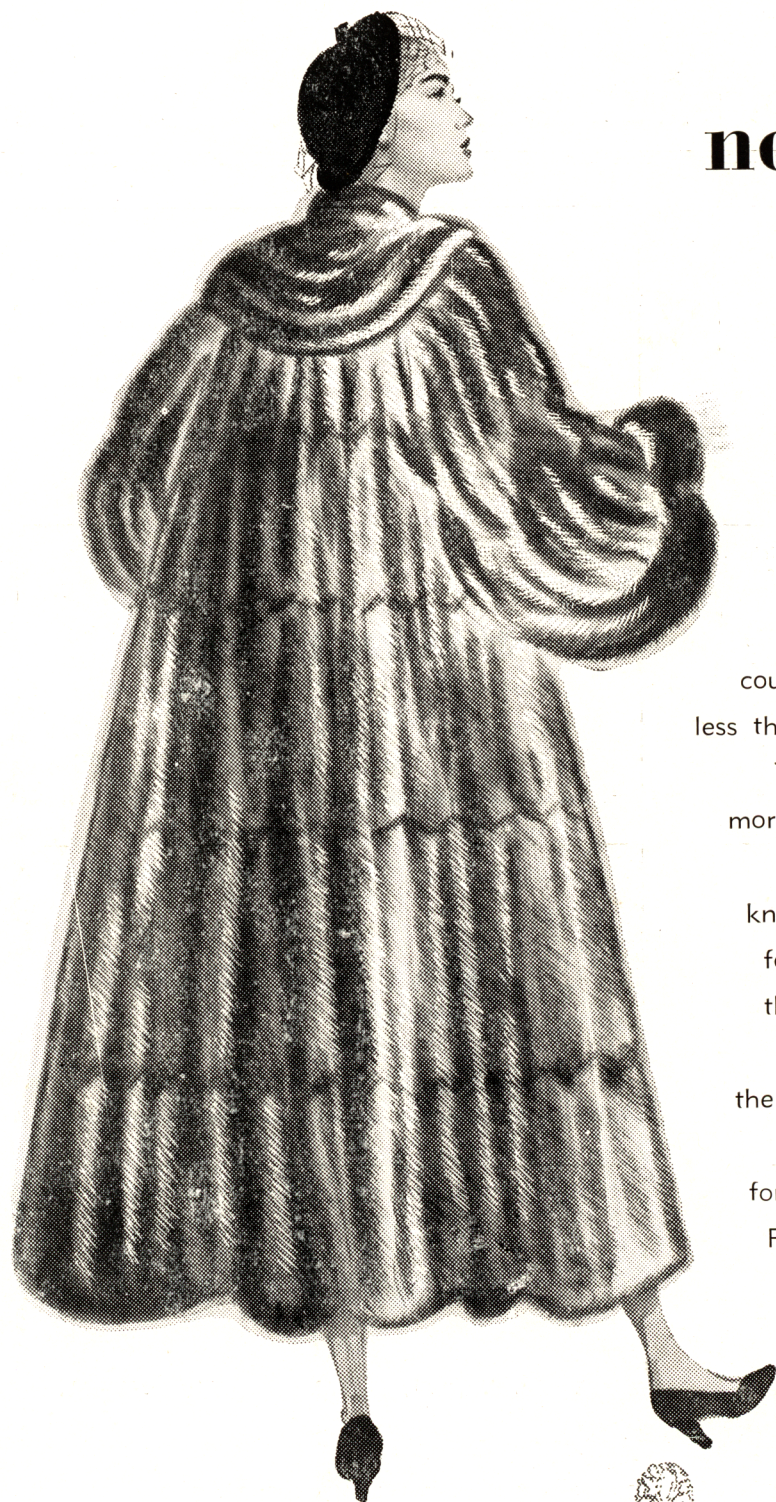
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